June 9, 1798.] *The HUMMING BIRD,* [No. 5—VOL. 1.

Or HERALD of TASTE.

"Is there any thing whereof it may be said, See, this is new?"

SINGULAR *ANECDOTE* OF THE

CELEBRATED ABBE PREVOST.

****

RELATED BY HIMSELF.

[CONCLUDED.]

"Thunderſtruck at the ſight of a father whom I knew impoſſible for me to appeaſe, I trembled in every joint; and at the ſound of his voice, ready to ſink into the earth with confuſion, I found myſelf literally ſpeechleſs. Not ſo the hapleſs girl. *She*, with an animation which conſcious innocence alone could inſpire, juſtified herſelf, and with ſtreaming eyes, vindicated me. Vain, however, were all her tears, her ſighs, her entreaties? and if they produced effect at all, it was that of adding fuel to the fire which already raged in the boſom of an incenſed parent, and which it was no longer in the power of *nature*, much leſs of *reaſon*, to extinguiſh.

"At length he ſo far forgot himſelf as to ſtrike her; and a ſcuffle enſuing from my attempts to ſhield her from his violence, ſhe received from him a kick upon the ſtomach, which threw her ſenſeleſs upon the floor.

"I was now perfectly frantick; and in the delirium of my rage, darting at my father I drove him headlong over the ſtaircaſe. The conſequence—Heavens! that I ſhould live to relate it! The conſequence was, that his ſkull being fractured by the fall, he expired the ſame evening; though not without declaring, in the preſence of a multitude of witneſſes, that he owed his untimely death to *accident*, and not without breathing forth at the ſame time a fervent benediction on his ſon, the very wretch who had been his unnatural deſtroyer.

"Every ſuſpicion of *murder* being thus done way, he was interred without further enquiry; and thus was I, through an exertion of generoſity and tenderneſs, of which few parents would be capable at ſo dreadful a criſis; thus was I, gentlemen, exempted from the ignominy and horror of terminating my exiſtence upon a *gibbet*. Yet was I not exempted by it from feeling, in its utmoſt extent, the enormity of my crime. His dying kindneſs to me, on the contrary, ſerved but to furniſh freſh ſtings to my remorſe; and at length, torn with all the pangs that can conſume a wretch conſcious that he is *unworthy to live*, yet conſcious alſo that he is *unfit to die*, I determined to hide my ſorrows from the world in the receſſes of ſome cloiſter, gloomy as my own diſtracted ſoul.

"Hence it was that I came to embrace the order of the *Clergy*; and perhaps it is to this circumſtance of irreparable guilt in my early youth, that, driven from the *natural* bias of my genius, I am indebted for thoſe ſituations of terror, for thoſe events of bloodſhed, which, heightened with all the colouring of miſan[illegible] indeed ſo deſervedly, been pronounced the characteriſts of my novels."

Here the Abbe cloſed his narrative of woe, leaving the company to make their own reflections upon it. In theſe, as it may well be ſuppoſed, they diſcovered a mixture of pity and horror; ſenſations to which they would have given a more decided expreſſion, however, could they have been yet convinced of the *truth* of what he had ſo pathetically related. In fine, the general opinion ſtill was, that the whole of the Abbe's adventure deſerved to be conſidered but as a mere incident, which he had planned for ſome future *novel* or *romance*, and of which, by previouſly relating it as an affair of his own, he was deſirous to aſcertain the effect it would produce upon the ſenſibility of a ſet of enlightened readers.

We are inclined to think, however, that whether it was an adventure of reality, or an adventure of imagination, it exhibited a ſcene of which no man would wiſh to appear the hero; and certain it is, that the Abbe himſelf, though repeatedly queſtioned concerning the authenticity of his ſtory afterwards, ſtill preſiſted in declaring every ſyllable of it to be a *melancholy truth*, and *no fiction*.

FOR THE *HUMMING BIRD, &c.*

AFFECTATION.

AFFECTATION is the tribute, beauty, and natural modeſty, pay to pride. In my remarks upon this ſubject, I ſhall confine myſelf to female affectation.

Nature has endowed the Fair with many peculiar favours. To a thouſand charms, and graces of a beautiful perſon, is added a mind replete with ſenſibility, and amiable virtues. Virtues which when diſplayed in their native bloom, excite the higheſt admiration and love. Can it be too much lamented, that their perſonal and mental qualities, are ſo often ſacrificed at the ſhrine of Affectation; and that the beauty and ſimplicity of nature, ſhould give way to the diſguſting rules of ſtudied art? The native charms of the Fair, can never be improved upon by art; their perfection, and beauty, conſiſts in their being natural, and the further they are removed from nature, the more diſguſting they appear. Can art add beauty to the roſe? the moment ſhe attempts it, the native bloom is gone. Behaviour when the reſult is of natural eaſe, and good ſenſe, will invariably appear pleaſing and dignified; but when it ſprings from caprice, and faſhion, appears affected and diſguſting. Education may poliſh and improve a perſon's deportment, but nature has given to every perſon, a certain form of manners, which give an inexpreſſible propriety to their behaviour, and which can never be changed, but to great diſadvantage.

If we compare a Lady, whoſe behavior is regulated by art and caprice, to one whoſe conduct is governed by her own natural taſte and good ſenſe, what a contraſt, what a difference. The one excites our indignation and contempt, the other, our admiration and reſpect.—Let nature have been ever ſo laviſh of her favours upon the Fair, let her have beſtowed upon her, charms calculated to captivate every feeling, delicate heart, yet ſo long as ſhe is bound in the chains of haggard affectation, ſo long will ſhe appear ridiculous.

Affectation, that antidote to beauty, will render her an object of averſion, inſtead of love. The affected Lady thinks

to improve upon the gifts of nature, by means of rules of art. So particular is ſhe, that ſhe will not ſuffer a limb or muſcle to move with native eaſe, and grace. Every geſture and attitude are affected, of courſe, ridiculous. Her head is fixed in one immovable poſition, her features diſtorted with grimaces, her excellent perſon writhed into every ſhape, except that of beauty. Her converſation is unentertaining and tedious. In ſhort ſhe is every thing ſhe ought not to be.

The Lady whoſe behaviour is natural, makes an appearance quite the reverſe; her manners are eaſy, and captivating. No particularities diſgrace her behaviour, no affected modeſty diſplays itſelf in her conduct. Civil and polite to every one ſhe ſecures the admiration of every perſon, altho ſhe is not gifted with perſonal charms yet ſhe commands the greateſt reſpect. *D.*

AFFECTING ANECDOTE.

ON one of the many bridges in Ghent, ſtand two large brazen images of a Father and a Son, who obtained this diſtinguiſhed mark of the admiration of their fellow citizens by the following incidents:

Both the father and the ſon, were, for ſome offence againſt the ſtate, condemned to die. Some favourable circumſtances appearing on the ſide of the ſon, he was granted a remiſſion of his ſhare of the ſentence, upon certain proviſions—in ſhort, he was offered a pardon on the moſt cruel and barbarous condition that ever entered into the mind of even monkiſh barbarity; namely, that he would become the executioner of his father; He at firſt reſolutely refuſed to preſerve his life, by means ſo fatal and deteſtable; this is not to be wondered at; for I hope, for the honor of our nature, that there are but few, very few ſons, who would not have ſpurned, with abhorance, life ſuſtained on conditions ſo horrid ſo unnatural. The ſon, though long inflexible, was at length overcome by the prayers and intreaties of a fond father who repreſented to him, that at all events, his (the father's) life was forfeited. and that it would be the greateſt poſſible conſolation to him, at his laſt moments, to think that in his death he was the inſtrument of his ſon's preſervation. The youth conſented to adopt the horrible means of recovering his life and liberty; he lifted the axe; but, as it was about to fall, his arm ſunk nerveleſs, and the axe dropped from his hand! had he as many lives as hairs, he would have yielded them all one after the other, rather than again even conceive much leſs perpetrate ſuch an act. Life, liberty, every thing vaniſhed before the dearer intereſts of filial affection: he fell upon his father's neck, embracing him triumphantly, exclamed, "My father my father! we will die together!" And then called for another executioner to fulfil the ſentence of the law.

Hard muſt be their hearts indeed bereft of every ſentiment of virtue, every ſenſation of humanity, who could ſtand inſenſible ſpectators to ſuch a ſcene. A ſudden peal of involuntay applauſe mixed with groans and ſighs, rent the air. The execution was ſuſpended, and on a ſimple repreſentation of the tranſaction, both were pardoned; high honours and rewards were conferred on the ſon; and finally thoſe two admirable brazen images were raiſed to commemorate a tranſaction ſo honourable to human nature, and tranſmit it for the inſtruction and emulation of poſterity. The ſtatute repreſents the ſon in the very act of letting fall the axe.

Advertiſement Extraordinary,

RANAWAY from Good Conſcience, in the town of Faithfulneſs, county of Mankind, and kingdom of Benevolence, a broken merchant or petty lawyer, &c. He had on when he went away, a coat which he called ſtrict honeſty, buttoned with idleneſs. He wore away a veſt, which he called good manners, but it was ſo threadbare that it ſhewed the lining, which was made of falſehood; and you might ſee his ſhirt through his pocket holes, of ſhameful ignorance, ſelf conceit and cunning cheating. He had a hat which he called lawful gain but it was known to be made of the fur of oppreſſion, lined with falſe ſwearing, and died with lies---the hatter's name was theft. His breeches he called fidelity, but they were woven in the loom of deceit, and buttoned with broken promiſes. His ſhoes he called by the name of religion, but they were made of the leather of hypocrity, tanned with the bark of preſumption, and curried in the ſhop of deviltry. He often frequented the tavern ſpending his time to no good purpoſe, contriving miſchief, and ſeeking an opportunity to betray the innocent. Whoever will return the ſaid runaway to me, ſhall have good will for their reward.

CONSCIENCE.

From the Farmer's Weekly Muſeum.

I AM certainly a friend to the ladies, altho' I ſeldom flutter at their levees; and though I am often dubbed by fair lips a batchelor, moroſe, and ſurly; yet I am not inſenſible to the charms of beauty, or female excellence. My cottage is never viſited by the ſpecies, except a maiden aunt, who was twenty years of age, thirty three years ſince, and who now and then calls to exhort me to matrimony; and, in ſhort, the good old creature details her ſubject with ſuch pathetic eloquence, that I almoſt reſolve on converſion. But, during my pilgramage in this world, I have profitted much by forty years experience; while in my teens, the fantaſies of love danced around my volatile imagination, and often bewildered and confounded my romantic ſenſes, But no ſooner had ſober manhood come to my aſſiſtance, than I renounced the allurements of love, and yielded to ſerious reflections. It is twenty four years, laſt November, ſince I bid adieu to the face of Camilla. Were I to deſcribe her with the emotions I then felt, I ſhould invoke trophes, metaphors, muſick, poetry, and all the fine arts to aſſiſtance. I wrote ſeveral ſonnets to her eyebrow, a long elegy on the death of her kitten, and bewailed, in true elegiack, the bloody cataſtrophe of a prick of her little finger. I can ſafely ſay I then thought my time moſt nobly employed; a ſingle ſmile was a rich compenſation for the loſs of ſeveral nights ſleep. But the eye of reaſon has ſince been purified; and Camilla is no more goddeſs. My ſuperior in age and art, ſhe knew how to entrap an unwary lover; a proficient in coquettry, ſhe never wanted a ſmile to charm, nor a frown to repel. Nature had given her a beautiful curve to her lips. and ſcattered vermillion over her cheek, and proper attention to her perſon, had improved the ſoftneſs that nature gave her. But her diſpoſition, or in other words, her heart, was a good repreſentative of Pandora's box. I could no ſooner quit her preſence, than her ſcandalous tounge began to attack me at all points, and no poor devil could be better caricatured

than I. She would, ſometimes, call me a ſign poſt likeneſs of human nature, a monkey on ſtilts; and even propoſed hiring me to ſtand by the meeting houſe, during a thunderſtorm, to ward off lightning. I little thought, while in her preſence, that ſimilar treatment to others, rendered it poſſible for her to ſerve me with the ſame ſauce, but my miſtake has been a valuable leſſon; and I am now determined, in precisely ſeven years from this time, to take a wife, and, to prevent all deception, ſhall court by proxy. Then, the eyes and ears will not lead my heart and underſtanding aſtray, and with common fortune, I ſhall fulfil theſe four commands of the ſage, viz. to build a houſe, plant a tree, take a wife, and raiſe a child.

THE HERMIT.

For the Humming Bird, *&c.*

DETRACTION.

Detraction next, a ſhapeleſs fiend appears,
Whoſe ſhiv'ring hand, a miſty rumour rears,
Fram'd by malignant art, the infernal toy,
Invites the lovely mien of ſmiling joy;
Robs roſeate beauty of attractive grace,
And gives a ſtep dames frown to nature's face.

HAYLEY.

TO eſtabliſh a fair, and unſullied reputation is the wiſh of every perſon. To enſure this, it is thought a man ſubmits to a thouſand inconveniences and mortifications. He is neceſſitated to watch his conduct with the eyes of an Argus, his paſſions however violent and ſtrong, however difficult to govern, are made ſubſervient to his reaſon. He denies himſelf a thouſand amuſements, which are in themſelves innocent, but not looked upon as ſuch by the world at large. He frequently acts contrary to his feelings, and opinions, however humiliating, however disagreeable it may be. He often ſubmits to perſons whom he deſpiſes, and is compelled to treat them with the greateſt ſeeming reſpect.

Theſe, and ſeveral other inconveniences he ſubmits to, however derogatory to his dignity, and oppoſed to his inclinations they may be, merely to eſtabliſh a fair character, and gain the eſteem of his neighbour. If ſuch is the trouble of gaining a reputation, how baſe, how abandoned muſt be that man, who, in defiance of every principle of honour and juſtice, by means of detraction, and ſlander, endeavours to ſtrip his neighbour of his hard earned reputation, who aims his envenomed ſhafts at a vital part, and frequently inflicts an incurable wound. Slander has its origin and growth in Envy, it is this infernal paſſion that cheriſhes ſlander with her foſtering hand, dandles the fiend in her lap of infamy, and feeds her craving appetite upon the vitals of Virtue. The ſlanderer receives with avidity every flying report, collects the venom of a thouſand tongues, the poiſon of every malicious breath, and then diſcharges his venom upon his devoted Victim, with a force and malice that is at once aſtoniſhing and infamous. Like the Eupas he contaminates every thing around him; no perſon is able to ſhun his deadly arrows, even if protected by the impenetrable ſhield of Virtue, and the ſtrong bulwark of purity and rectitude. "No fiend is ſwifter and active than ſlander, it acquires ſtrength by motion. Small at firſt thro' fear, ſoon ſhe ſhoots up to the Stars, ſtalks upon the ground, while ſhe hides her head in the clouds.—A monſter truly hideous and deformed, who watches the conduct of men with a hundred *wakeful eyes*, relates its falſehoods with ſo many bawling mouths, and hears them with ſo many liſtening ears." Such is the nature of viperous ſlander.

If to attack a man's character is infamous, how much more ſo, is it, to ſlander a woman's reputation? If a female's character is attacked, ſhe has no ſatisfactory method to vindicate herſelf.—Cuſtom forbids her to avenge the injury by retaliation. If ſhe is ſcandalized thro' the medium of a paper, the narrowneſs of her education, and her inexperience in writing ſatires, are inſurmountable barriers, to her reſenting the injury in the proper way. They have no means of defending themſelves, when attacked either by an open, or ſecreted aſſaſſin, but their reputation lies completely at the mercy of man.

A woman's character is more ſtrictly ſcrutinized than that of a man. If ſhe makes one imprudent ſtep, however unfortunate and accidental it may be, it ruins her reputation, and her reſpectability is blaſted forever. No act of her's can retrieve her character, the ſtain is indelible. Suſpicion, baſe ſuſpicion, the infernal off-ſpring of Eagle-eyed Jealouſy, cauſes as an effectual death to her character, as the real commiſſion of crime—But a man's reputation, not bound in ſo many ſhackles, is not confined within ſo narrow a ſphere. He can gratify himſelf in his ſcenes of debauchery and iniquity, and yet ſupport his character, which if even loſt, by a few benevolent acts he can retrieve, and his crimes be obliterated forever.

Unfortunate it is, that women are judged with ſo much greater ſeverity; but the evil is without remedy, and the women muſt quietly ſubmit to the deciſions of arbitrary man. Such being the unhappy and defenceleſs ſituation of women, how incumbent, how much our duty is it to protect rather than injure them. How baſe, how infamous is it for us to blaſt a character, which Chaſtity, with all her train of attendent Virtues can hardly ſupport. *D.*

ANECDOTES.

ANN OF AUSTRIA, QUEEN OF LOUIS XIII.

This Princeſs was moſt cruelly treated by the imperious Richelieu. He was continually accuſing her of being concerned in ſome plot againſt her huſband and her Sovereign, and occaſionally had her interrogated reſpecting her connections with Spain, by ſome of the principal Magiſtrates of the Parliament of Paris. She ſaid one day to the Cardinal, after ſome inſult he had put upon her, "Dieu ne paye pas toutes les ſemaines, mais *enfin il paye*;—God, Sir, does not ſettle his accounts with mankind every week; but at laſt he ſettles them with effect."

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

Had the Roman Calendar been ever honoured with the names of excelent and virtuous men like M. Vincent, who would have grudged the Pope the power of making Saints?

M. Vincent was much conſidered by Cardinal Richelieu, and had often audience of him. In an audience M. Vincent obtained of him in 1640, at which time France was greatly exhauſted by the wars it had carried on againſt the Houſe of Auſtria, he fell down at his feet and exclaimed, "My Lord, give us Peace; have pity upon us; give Peace to France." Richelieu, unuſed to be contradicted was, however, by no means diſpleaſed with the conduct of the holy man, but with great mildneſs told him, that he was then actually doing every thing in his power to bring about a general Peace in Europe, but this did not depend on himſelf alone, and that both within and without the kingdom, there were many perſons whoſe concurrence and co-operation was neceſſary for this ſalutary work.

Not long after this ſome perſons, much attached to the Catholic Religeon, waited upon M. Vincent, and deſired him to repreſent to the Cardinal how much at that time Ireland was ſuffering from England, and that it would conduce much to the honour of his Eminence, who was

a Prince of the Church, and had the intire confidence of his Sovereign, if he would affiſt a People that were perſecuted for their attachment to the religion of their anceſtors, and that the Pope would ſecond the efforts of the Cardinal, and that he offered him for the purpoſe one hundred thouſand crowns. Richelieu replied to M, Vincent. with a gentleneſs that he did not always poſſeſs that his Sovereign had to omany affairs upon his hands at preſent to think of turning his arms againſt England; that the ſum offered by the Pope would ſoon be expended in military proviſion; that an army was an immenſe machine that was moved with difficulty; and that in fact ſo many equipages ſo many ſtands of arms, and ſo many convoys would be generally wanted, that millions of livres would not be ſufficient for the expences. The good, though miſguided intentions of M. Vincent, no leſs than the manner in which they were received, do equal honor to the Saint and and to the Miniſter.

M. FOUQUET.

This diſgraced Miniſter being interogated in the Criminal Chamber of the Parliament of Paris by M. Chamillard, told him, that he knew that it was M. Colbert who was the occaſion of his being in that ſituation. Chamillard replied, that it was the King who did every thing and ordered every thing reſpecting him Foncquet anſwered M. Chamillard. "We always in my time ſaid the ſame thing, when we had an intention to ruin any one."

PETRARCH.

The diſpute relative to the antiquity of Vineyards in England may, perhaps be ſettled by a paſſage in one of Petarch's "Letters to a Friend," in the year 1337. "In England," ſays he, they drink nothing but beer and cyder. The drink of Flanders is hydromel; and as wine cannot be ſent to thoſe countries but at a great expence, few perſons can afford to drink it."

HOGARTH.

This great Painter ſaid one evening, in one of his ſpeeches at the meeting of the Society of Arts, that Genius was the ſame as Diligence and Attention. Gilbert Cooper took him up haſtily, and ſaid, that he was ſurprized to hear him ſay ſo, a perſon copiouſly gifted by nature, and poſſeſſing ſuch peculiar talents. "Thank you for your compliment, Sir," replied the Painter; "but I am ſtill of my firſt opinion,"—"Genie c'eſt le travail," ſaid the olequent M. Buffon.

STANZAS,

Addreſſed by Mr. SHERIDAN *to Mrs.* SHERIDAN.

ASK'ST thou, "how long my love ſhall ſtay,
"When all that's new is paſt?"
How long? ah, DELIA! can I ſay
How long my life will laſt?
Dry be that tear—be huſh'd that ſigh;
At leaſt, I'll love thee till I die.

And does that thought affect thee too,
The thought of DAMON's death?
That he who only lives for you,
Muſt yield his faithful breath.
Huſh'd be that ſigh, be dry that tear,
Nor let us loſe our heaven here!

ANSWER.

Mrs. SHERIDAN *to Mr.* SHERIDAN.

THINK'ST thou, my DAMON, I'd forego
This tender luxury of woe,
Which better than the tongue imparts,
The feelings of impaſſioned hearts;
Bleſt, if my ſighs and tears but prove
The winds and waves that waft to love.

Can true affection ceaſe to fear;
Poor is the joy not worth a tear!
Did paſſion ever know content?
How weak the rapture words can paint!
Then let my ſighs and tears but prove
The winds and waves that waft to love.

The Cyprian bird with plaintive moan,
Thus makes her faithful paſſion known;
So Zeph'rus breathes on FLORA's bower's,
And charms with ſighs the queen of flowers!
Then let my ſighs and tears but prove
The winds and waves that waft to love.

For the Humming Bird, *&c.*

THE COQUETTE.

FANNY, aged thirty five
Did not of marriage yet deſpair,
Tho' ſhe her charms had kept alive,
Ten years at leaſt by art and care.
Full oft' ſhe many a generous youth
Had trick'd, and treated with diſdain,
But now ſhe with'd, in earneſt truth,
To add a link to hymen's chain.

To CHARLES then, who day and night,
Did heretofore ſincerely woo,
She condeſcended then to write [you."
"You've conquer'd ſir, I yield to
CHARLES, whoſe mind ſweet peace poſſeſs'd;
Who long had ceaſ'd to love and ſigh,
Gave quick for anſwer, thus addreſs'd
"Read it Fanny, and apply.
"The riſing ſun, I've oft admir'd,
"Till pleaſure has to rapture grown,
"His noon-tide beams my breaſt has fir'd,
"With glowing bliſs to worlds unknown.
"But Sol, at eve, ſo bright declines,
"When all men ſee his courſe is run,
"With ruddy face, ſtill, ſtill he ſhines,
"But, ah! his heat and beams are gone!"
She read—ſhe paus'd—reflection's glaſs,
Quick as the forked lightning's dart,
Shew'd her with painted, haggard face,
O ſad conviction to her heart!
No more at Balls or dance ſhe's ſeen.
No more each borrow'd art ſhe tries,
A victim now to care and ſpleen,
All day ſhe hides—all night ſhe ſighs.
Then let not ſlip, ye fickle fair,
Youth's prime, and beauty's bliſsful date,
To generous lovers be ſincere,
Leſt you ſhould meet with Fanny's fate.

June 2d, 1798. J. G.

EPIGRAM.

TWIXT John and his Wife, in lieu of affection,
Perpetual conteſts aroſe;
In judgment and taſte each aſſum'd the direction,
And both were proceeding to blows;
When John exclaim'd, Hold!—my error I ſee,
Your argument's weighty and true;
You have taſte,—for in marriage you made choice of me;
I have none,—for I made choice of you

Saturday, June 9, 1798.

We are happy to inform our readers, that we have lately obtained the loan of a large number of valuable European publications; with extracts from which we propoſe to enrich the HUMMING BIRD.

Our correſpodent "D" *has our warmeſt acknowledgements.*

Several Communications *under conſideration.*

NEWFIELD;
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